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REV. LOUIS FITZ GERALD BENSON, D. D.

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SONGS

0 F

OLD NASSAU.

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non e σo paucls Offendar maculis, n

"Music, where soft ve'ers dir Vibrates in the memory."

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY M. W. DODD,
506 BROADWAY.

1859.



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Division
i
Section



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Ardrew & hetere

NEW YORK:
PUBLISHED BY M. W. DODD,
506 BROADWAY.

1859.

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THE STUDENTS

Of the College of Rew Jersey,

THIS COLLECTION

OF THE SONGS OF THEIR ALMA MATER

Is most Respectfully Inscribed.

"Spiritus Harmoniæ testudine dormit in aurea,
Donce Apollineæ tangitur arte manus;
Et pia corda adeo, percussa fideliter, edunt
Mille modos, tacito qui latuere sinu."

You may talk of that whimsical phœnix of old,

(Though the fable with history clashes,)

We point to our dear Alma Mater and sing,

She has sprung to life twice from her ashes.

Alexander.

PREFACE.

To meet the want, long felt and acknowledged, of a suitable variety of songs, peculiar to the College of New Jersey, is the only apology I have to make for offering this collection to the courtesy of the public. In so doing, however, a brief statement of the reasons that lead to this undertaking may, I think, be here given without impropriety.

In the first place, since the founding of this institution, no collection of our songs has been made, and, in fact, there has not existed sufficient material for such a collection, had any one been willing to undertake so pleasant a task. This last fact may not be a little surprising to those who know that Nassau music extends as far back as the year 1763, when a song, composed for the occasion, was sung by the Graduating Class of that year, at the time of their taking the Bachelor's degree. This song, or opera rather, was called the "Military Glory of Great Britain," and was published in pamphlet form, with music to the choruses. We intended to give it a place in this collection, but are compelled to omit it for want of room.

From the year 1763, down to the present, no songs, as far as I can learn, have appeared on the programme of our

public exercises, with the exception of the Ode and Hymn that were sung at the first centennial celebration of the College in 1847, and of the parting odes that have been composed, for some years past, by some member of the Senior Class, and sung in the chapel on class-day. In addition to the above, I have been able to find but two *student*-songs that were written here and sung generally. There has been, however, quite a number of "jovial strains" and "hearty choruses" floating among the different classes from year to year, but they are not original with us, and are not of such a character as to reflect credit on our College.

Feeling, then, that there was a vacuum to fill up, it was with no little pleasure that the work of collecting these songs was commenced. This work, owing to searcity of materials, seemed, at first, to promise little success; but, as time rolled on, contributions increased, and with them assurances of complete success, so far at least as its publication is concerned. In selecting these songs, I have accepted none (with the exception of a few in other languages) that have not their paternity here, and this partially accounts for the non-appearance of those that have gained considerable popularity among students of this College.

It is due to the writers to say that most of their contributions were gotten up in great haste, on the spur of the moment, and hence do not do them full justice. The figures attached to their names of course signify the year of their graduation. I have been requested to take more time in order to get out something more worthy of Nassau Hall. With these requests I would readily have complied, had it not been for the earnest solicitations of certain friends of '59, who desired its appearance ere their class graduated. If this volume is favorably received, and the song talent of our fellow-collegians thereby drawn out, we hope, at no distant period, to revise the volume and make it more what we all feel it ought to be. In its present form, of course, it is not complete, nor is it even a fair specimen of our college poetry, but, on the contrary, the mere beginning of what we hope to see, ere long, brought to as great a degree of perfection as in any of the German Universities.

The days we spend at college, we are told by graduates, are the most pleasant of our lives. If this be true with respect to those institutions, where music is not much cultivated, in how much higher a sense must it be true with respect to those in which "music rules the honr." It is to be hoped, then, that henceforth singing will be a distinctive feature in all our public exercises, that more glee-clubs will be formed, and that all, whenever collected, whether they can sing or not, will join in the hearty song, that thus the enthusiastic song-spirit, which so marks the student-life in Germany, and makes it, in truth, the heyday of their existence, may be infused into us.

In conclusion, I am under many obligations to those who have so kindly aided me in this work, and now, as I am

about to lay it before my fellow-students, I can not but hope that it will prove of much interest to us all, not only during the remainder of our college course, but in after years, when

> "In glad review our minds recall The joys that cheer us now, And lightly o'er our spirits fall The mem'ries of Nassau."

> > ANDREW J. HETRICK.

NASSAU HALL, April 11th, 1859.

CONTENTS.

ΣΚΟΛΙΟΝ. 11
GAUDEAMUS
TRANSLATED 10
OLD NASSAU
A CANNON SONG
LAURIGER HORATIUS
FLEETING AND FAIR
Smoking Song
THE COLLEGIAN'S LAMENT
EXCELSIOR
Integer Vitæ(Music)
SKATER'S SONG
Stosst An 34
THE HORN THAT ONCE THROUGH NASSAU'S HALLS
GLAD BE OUR CHORUS 36
GIVE ME NO OLD GRAY "SHEEPSKIN"
The Students' Glee
THE HAUNTED FRESHMAN(Music)
The Vow of the Sophomore
'TIS THE LAST OF THE SUPPERS(Music)
Alma Mater—We Love Her
DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS 46
To Outsiders
THE LOG COLLEGE
The Feast of Reason 49
Home Song
SERENADE SONG 52
THE COLLEGE BELL
HYMN BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS 54
THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY
FLORENCE VANE
THE JOILY FELLOW
THE LOST FROM HOME
Πάντα τάγαθα πόνφ

	PAGE 66
THE SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY. (Music).	68
	70
Who's Afraid?	
SENIOR'S GRADUATION SONG(Music)	72
FILL UP A BOWL OF SPARKLING WINE	74
WE LEAVE THEE NOW IN SORROW	75
FAREWELL!—BUT WHEN YOU TOO SHALL STAND ON THE SHORF	76
MOTHER OF OUR FAIR SPRING TIME(Music)	77
ADIEU, ADIEU, THE PARTING SCENE	79
FAREWELL, FAREWELL, THE TEAR IS BRIGHT	80
Ode for the Alumni(Music)	82
ALUMNI SONG-O BRING ME NOW, &c	84
" Alma Mater, nursing mother (Music)	86
THE REPULSE OF CORNWALLIS (Music)	88
HYMN FOR CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION	91
CENTENNIAL ODE	92
" MUST WE LOOSE THESE BANDS OF UNION	93
"Brothers, at this parting moment	95
" HERE WHERE PRAYER HAS OFT ASCENDED	97
"BROTHERS, WITH OUR HEARTS IN UNION	99
"THE HOUR IS COME, THAT SOLEMN HOUR	101
EXPONUNTUR I.—THE FRESHMAN	101
" II.—THE SOPHOMORE.	103
11.—THE SOPHOMORE	
THE SENIOR	106
IV.—THE SENIOR	107
THE SENIORS' GRADUATION SONG	108
CARMEN AMŒBÆUM	110

ΣΚΟΛΙΟΝ.*

INTRODUCED BY S. BAYARD DOD, '57.

Mέλος-" Gaudeamus igitur."

Τ.

Τέκνον εἰμὶ φύσεως τέκνον ὑγιείας, πρῶτον γὰρ των ἀγαθῶν πάντων τῶν ἀνθρωπίνων ὑγιαίνειν ἐστίν,

II.

Τὸ δὲ πλουτεῖν ἀδόλως δεύτερον μέν ἐστιν, ἰκετεύω δὲ θεὸν ψυχὴν πλουσιωτάτην καλήν τε γενέσθαι.

III.

Τὸ δὲ κάλλος τοῖς νέοις ἀγαθῶν τὸ τρίτον, γενναιότης καλλίων, εγκράτεια βελτίων, ἀρετὴ φέριστον.

IV.

Κλέος δη αθάνατον "Ηρωσι πάρεστιν, ημίν οίνος μελίπνους, ημίν υπνος νήδυμος, καλώς τε αείδειν.

* Written by H. G. Hollman, Professor of Philology at the University of Halle, for the young men of the Academy at Athens, by request, during a visit of the author to them.

v.

Τυρανυεύειν ἀγαθὸν βασιλεῦσίν ἐστιν, οὐ καταφρονητόν μοι οὐδὲ ἄλλοις φαίνεται τῆ πόλει πρωτεύειν.

VI.

'Αγαθός φιλόσοφος είναι εὐχετῶμαι ἀεὶ φιλῶν γείτονας ἀεὶ τιμῶν μείζονας πατέρα τε Ζῆνα.

VII.

Ίππους ἔχω τέσσαρας λευκοὺς τῶν καλλίστων στεφανὴν ὀλυμπικὴν εἰκόνα τε λιθίνην πεντάκις ἤνεγκαν.

VIII.

Φίλος ἐστὶν οὐτοσὶ φίλτατος βέλτιστος, πάσας οἰδεν ἀρετάς, τέχνας ἔχει ποικίλας, φίλον ἀντιφιλεῖ.

IX.

Πεφίληκα σήμερον παρθένον καλλίστην, άγνην σφρουεστέρανω ασῶν τιμιωτέραν φιλῶν εἰς αἰῶνα.

Y

Τέκνα δώσει τις θεῶν ἀγαθὰ καὶ καλά, οὕτως ἀλβιώτατος καίπερ οὐ σοφώτατος βίον εὐ διάγω.

ADAPTED TO NASSAU HALL FROM A

"CARMEN SÆCULARE."

By G. M. G., '41.

In Doodle Yankee cantandum.

Conveniuntur hôc locô Tirones et Sophmores Et senes cum juvenibus Et pii Professores.

Chorus—Prensare manus juvat nunc Per annos, heu, veloces! Et "prodesse quam conspici" Implere nostras voces.

Dum fluvii præcipites In mare altum tendunt, Dum imber, nix et tonitru E nubibus descendunt.

Chorus—Dum Aula Cliosophica
Whiggensis existentur,
Dum "mores amicitia
Et literæ" laudentur.

Dum artibus ingenuis Tirones imbuuntur, Dum fides, dumque probitas, In laudibus feruntur.

Chorus—Cantanda semper omnibus,
Dum vox et aura datur,
Vigescat, atque valeat,
Insignis Alma Mater!

GAUDEAMUS.*

I.

Gaudeamus igitur, Juvenes dum sumus; Post jucundam juventutem, Post molestam senectutem, Nos habebit humus.

II.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos In mundo fuere? Transeas ad superos, Abeas ad inferos, Quos si vis videre.

III.

Vita nostra brevis est, Brevi finietur, Venit mors velociter, Rapit nos atrociter, Nemini parcetur.

IV.

Vivat academia, Vivant professores, Vivat membrum quodlibet, Vivant membra quælibet, Semper sint in flore.

^{*} This song is taken from a collection of songs, published at Stuttgart, Germany.

v.

Vivant omnes virgines, Faciles, formosæ, Vivant et mulieres, Teneræ amabiles, Bonæ laboriosæ.

VI.

Vivat et respublica, Et qui illam regit, Vivat nostra civitas, Mæcenatum caritas, Quæ nos hic protegit.

VII.

Pereat tristitia, Pereant osores, Pereat diabolus, Quivis antiburschius, Atque irrisores.

VIII.*

Quis confluxus hodie Academicorum? E longinquo convenerunt Protinusque successerunt In commune forum.

IX.

Alma Mater floreat, Quæ nos educavit, Caros et commilitones, Dissitas in regiones Sparsos congregavit.

^{*} The last two stanzas are supposed to be an American addition.

GAUDEAMUS.

TRANSLATED BY J. ALFRED PEARCE, JR., '60.

Τ.

While the glowing hours are bright, Let not sadness mar them, For when age shall rifle youth And shall drive our joys unsooth, Then the grave will bar them.

II.

Where are those, who from the world Long ago departed?
Scale Olympus' lofty height—
See grim Hades' murky night—
There are the great hearted.

III.

Mortal life is but a span That is quickly fleeting; Cruel death comes on apace, And removes us from the race, None with favor treating.

IV.

Long may this fair temple stand, Nassau now and ever! Long may her professors grace Each his own time-honored place, Friendship fading never.

V.

May our charming maidens live Matchless all in beauty, May our blooming matrons long Be the theme of grateful song— Patterns bright of duty.

VI.

May our Union grow in strength, Faithful rulers guiding; In this blaze of Freedom's light, Where the genial arts are bright, Find we rest abiding.

VII.

Out on sighing! vanish hate, And ye fiends of sadness! To his chill abode of woe Let the dread Philistine go, Who would steal our gladness.

VIII.

Whence this gathering here to-day Of our college brothers? From their own bright hearth and home, In reunion they are come To their common mother's.

IX.

Life unending then to thee, Grace-bestowing Mother; Thine to summon genius here, And in friendship's ties so dear, Hearts to league together.

OLD NASSAU.



OLD NASSAU.

BY H. P. PECK, '62.

Tune every harp and every voice!

Bid every care withdraw:

Let all with one accord rejoice
In praise of Old Nassau!

Chorus—In praise of Old Nassau, my boys,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Her sons will give, while they shall live,
Three cheers for Old Nassau.

Let music rule the fleeting hour—
Her mantle round us draw;
And thrill each heart with all her power,
In praise of Old Nassau!

Chorus—In praise, &c.

No flowery chaplet would we twine
To wither and decay;
The gems that sparkle in her crown
Shall never pass away!
Chorus—Shall never pass, &c.

Their sheen forever shall impart
A zeal beyond compare;
And fire each ardent, youthful heart,
To boldly do and dare!
Chorus—To boldly do, &c.

No earthly honors we bequeath,
For Truth is her great law;
And Virtue's amaranthine wreath
Shall speak for Old Nassau!
Chorus—Shall speak, &c.

And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song
In praise of Old Nassau!
Chorus—In praise, &c.

Till then, with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing—
Long life to Old Nassau!

Chorus—Long life, &c.

A CANNON SONG.

BY C. R. C., '53.

AIR—" Yankee Doodle."

There was an ancient Mariner—
In Coleridge is his "Rime," sir—
Who walked into our college grounds
To beg or steal a dime, sir;
A dime to carry to his wife,
His childless wife and blind, sir,
And to his children who had lost
Their mother dear and kind, sir.
And so this antique whalerman
Went weekly through the campus,
Prepared to spy with either eye
A polyp or a grampus.

Chorus—O Scniors, Juniors, Sophs and Fresh,
Come round the campus cannon,
And shout hurrah for Old Nassau,
And hurrah for the cannon.

But ere this ancient mariner
Got even a bogus cent, sir,
He saw a sight that made him stare
And stopped him as he went, sir.
He saw a pair of bloody guns
A-growing in that campus—
Not this the polyp that he sought,
Nor this indeed the grampus.
In fact he was as truly stunned,
This most primeval sailor,
As though he saw the skull and bones
Run up upon a whaler.

[Chorus.]

His eyes protruded from his head
With an uncarthly glare, sir,
And high aloft his crownless hat
Was hoisted by his hair, sir.
Just then the bell began to ring
And many passed him by, sir,
And Senior, Junior, Soph, and Fresh,
Saw something in his eye, sir.
For, lo, he gazed upon those guns
With noses in the ground, sir,
As though he saw a shoal of fiends
A-whisking all around, sir.

[Chorus.

Eftsoons he reached his skinny hand,
That most excited man, sir,
And beckoned to a Fresh that raced
His roll-call for to answer.
"I say," he said with husky breath,
"Heave to, and fetch around, sir,
Ain't this the spot where big guns grow?
Ain't this the very ground, sir?"
The Freshman stopped—he could but stop,
The sailor's eye was flame, sir.
He stopped—although he heard the roll
A-getting towards his name, sir. [Chorus.

He stopped and sighed, but thus he spake:—
The Freshman to the sailor—

"Thou art most right—thou art most right—

Thou ragged ancient whaler. The very acre where thy toes

Are creeping from thy boots, sir, Is where the big guns of the world

All show their early shoots, sir. And every year we raise a crop

Like those you see out yonder, To fill this great terraqueous globe With mingled gas and thunder."

[Chorus.

The ancient mariner was dumb,
Eftsoons his chin dropped he, sir,
And then, alas! his form collapsed
In dreadful agony, sir.
Yes, mortal fear at being here,
Where all the big guns shoot, sir,
Destroyed that ancient mariner,

And only left a boot, sir.

And now his ghost you oft may see

A-stalking through the campus,

Prepared to spy with either eye
A polyp or a grampus.

[Chorus.

LAURIGER HORATIUS.*

Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum!
Fugit Euro eitius,
Tempus edax rerum!

Chorus—Ubi sunt O pocula,
Dulciora melle,
Rixæ, pax et oscula
Rubentis puellæ?

^{*} Words in Göpel's "Lieder—und Commers—Buch."

Crescit uva molliter
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter
Sitiens canescit.

Chorus-Ubi sunt O pocula, &c.

Quid juvat æternitas Nominis; amare Nisi terræ filias Licet, et potare!

Chorus-Ubi sunt O pocula. &c.

FLEETING AND FAIR.

BY J. ALFRED PEARCE, Jr., '60.

AIR-"Sparkling and Bright."

Fleeting and fair, as the radiance rare Of a maiden's faultless features, Is college life, with its golden strife, The Elysium here of creatures.

Then troll away while yet we may,
And the morn of life is beaming,
For a jovial strain dispels dark pain,
Like the sun through storm clouds streaming.

Few are the days, brightly lit by the rays
From the sun of youth far darting.
And short are the years, gayly free from the fears
That rise in the soul at parting.

'Mid the temples grand of this lovely land,
That science crowns with glory,
Is Nassau's name, of deathless fame,
The child of song and story.

'Tis a mimic world, where the lance is hurled For the victory in learning, Where honor's sought, and wisdom bought By the spirit inly burning.

With silvered hair, in his old arm chair, O'er the grandsire thoughts come stealing, Of hours that flew, as manhood grew, Where Nassau's chimes were pealing.

In prairie homes, where beauty roams, O'er northern plain and mountain, Old Nassau claims undying names That drank from her pure fountain.

Our cherished friends, whom Fate but lends, Must leave these charms surrounding, For close behind on every wind, The tramp of steps is sounding.

When Time strikes down these walls, whose crown Her sons have jewelled brightly, Unlike our joys that age destroys, They'll rise again full lightly.



SMOKING SONG.

BY E. HOLDEN, '59.

AIR—" Sparkling and bright."

I.

With graceful twirl our smoke-wreaths curl, As mist from the waterfall given, Or the locks that float round beauty's throat, In the whispering air of even. Chorus—Then drown the fears of the coming years
And the dread of change before us
The way is sweet to our willing feet,
With the smoke wreaths twining o'er us.

ŦT.

With a bulling sound does the music round, From Nature's voice flow lightly, And sweeter still, love's echoes thrill, When the cheerful eigar burns brightly. Chorus—Then drown, &c.

III

As the light beams through the ringlets blue,
Will hope beam through our sorrow,
While the gathering wreath of the smoke we breathe
Shuts out the fear of to-morrow.

Chorus—Then drown, &e.

IV

A magic charm in the evening calm
Calls thought from memory's treasure,
But clear and bright in the liquid light
Are the smoke-called dreams of pleasure.

Chorus—Then drown, &c.

V.

With an eagle's plume in the gathering gloom,
For the mellow realms of dreaming,
We leave our fears, our eares and tears,
The blue clouds o'er us streaming.

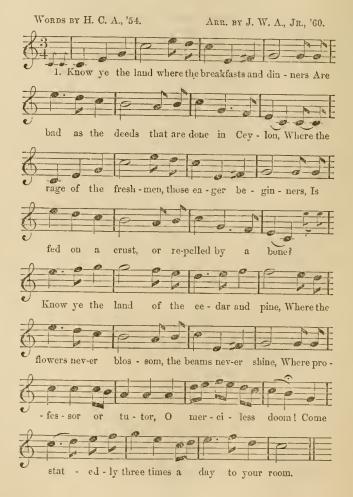
Chorus—Then drown, &c.

VI

Then who shall chide, with boasting pride,
Delights they ne'er have tasted;
Oh! let them smile while we beguile
The hour with joys they've wasted.
Chorus—Then drown, &c.

THE COLLEGIAN'S LAMENT,

ON THE EVE OF RUSTICATION.



Where the laws are so strict one can't ride, fish or shoot, And the voice of the college bell never is mute; Where torrents descend from a pitiless sky, And there's naught to be found in the shops fit to buy; Where the benches are hard as cube, tangent and sine, Or those bothering nouns I could never decline? T'is the State of New Jersey, of all 'neath the sun, The land where one's mutton-chops never are done.*
O wild as the accents of lover's farewell, Are the hearts which we bear, and the tales we could tell.

EXCELSIOR.

BY H. C. A., '54.

AIR—" Shool" or "Excelsior," by HUTCHINSON.

The college term was waning fast, As through a country village passed A youth, who bore from Master Price A medal with this strange device— One Hundred!

His hopes were high; his eye serene, Shone with a lustre mild and green;—And like a brazen trumpet rung
The accents of an unknown tongue—
One Hundred!

Around the gun he saw the light Of bonfires blazing warm and bright; Above, the spectral lamplight shone, And from his lips escaped a groan,—

One Hundred!

^{*} The last two lines to be sung to the music of the two immediately preceding.

"Try not the class," the senior said,
"Unless you've crammed the ancient dead!"
"Whately is steep," a Junior cried,
But loud that brazen voice replied—
One Hundred!

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest Thy weary head upon this breast!" A tear stood in his small green eye, But still he answered with a sigh—
One Hundred!

"Beware Professor Duffield's branch!
Beware the hot bolts he will launch!"
This was the Sophomore's last Good-night,
A voice replied—"V. Green's all right!
One Hundred!"

At early morn as chapelward,
The men who near the college board
Slunk from their late nocturnal lair—
A voice eried through the startled air,
Heads out!

A Freshman, on the tutor's round,
Half buried in a cloak was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
A parchment with this strange device—
Seventy!

There, in the campus—damp that day—Proud but disconsolate he lay,
And from a window just in sight,
A laugh fell like a falling kite—
One Hundred!

INTEGER VITAE.

LIB. I. ODA XXII. Q. HORATII FLACCL

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN.



I.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus Non eget Mauris jaculis, nec arcu, Nec venenatis gravida sagittis, Fusce, pharetra.

II.

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas, Sive facturus per inhospitalem Caucasum, vel quæ loca fabulosus Lambit Hydaspes.

III.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina, Dum meam canto Lalagen, et ultra Terminum curis vagor expeditis, Fugit inermem.

IV.

Quale portentum neque militaris Daunias latis alit æsculetis, Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum Arida nutrix.

V.

Pone me, pigris ubi nulla campis Arbor æstiva recreatur aura, Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque Jupiter urget.

VI.

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui Solis, in terra domibus negata; Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo, Dulce loquentem.

SKATER'S SONG.

(Scene. - Stony Brook, by Moonlight.)

WORDS BY C. R. CLARKE, '53.

MUSIC FROM BERTONI, BY J. McDOUGAL, Jr., '54.





The stars are out—the heavenly plain Arrays its hosts to-night,
And 'neath their merry-footed train Grows musical and bright.
But clearer shines our icy field,
Aye, clearer than the sky;
And we the planets here revealed

And we, the planets here revealed, In mazy music vie.

Chorus—Then swing the graceful steel, my boys!
Then swing the graceful steel!
There's naught on earth so full of mirth
As the ring of the skater's heel.

Now darkness lights the Northern Pole
With wild inconstant fires,
And livid streamers upward roll
Their golden-pointed spires.
As sweeps our gallant army by,
As high, as bright as they,
Our leaping spirits pierce the sky
In wanton holiday.

Chorus—Then swing, &c.

Lo Cynthia mounts her eastern way—
The witching Queen of Dreams!—
To flood the waste of glassy gray
With clear and sparkling beams.
As toward her breast we fondly fly,
Our shadows creep from sight,
Not swifter than the clouds which lie
Across our spirits' light.

Chorus—Then swing, &c.

For like a stream is human life:
At first the gay heart's toy—
Then hurried in its freshet strife—
Then ebbing slow and coy.
And as the stream is loveliest far,
A thing of sport, as now;
So life, when shines its morning star,
May wreathe its fairest brow.

Chorus-Then swing, &c.

STOSST AN!

INTRODUCED AND ADAPTED BY S. BAYARD DOD, '57.



Stosst an! Nassau soll leben, hurrah hoch!

Die Philister sind uns gewogen meist, Sie ahnen im Burschen, was Freiheit heisst. Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch!*

Stosst an! Princeton soll leben! hurrah hoch! Der die Sterne lenket am Himmelszelt, Der ist's, der unsre Fahne hält. Frei ist der Bursch! frei ist der Bursch!

Stosst an! Vaterland lebe! hurrah hoch! Seid der Väter heiligem Brauche treu, Doch denkt der Nachwelt auch dabei. Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch!

Stosst an! Frauenlieb' lebe! hurrah hoch! Wer des Weibes weiblichen Sinn nicht ehrt, Der hält auch Freiheit und Freund nicht werth. Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch!

^{*} Bursch is "student," and Philister "snob."

Stosst an! Männerkraft lebe! hurrah hoch! Wer nicht singen, nicht ochsen* und lieben kann, Den sieht der Bursch voll mitleid an. Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch!

Stosst an! freics Wort lebe! hurrah hoch! Wer die Wahrheit kennet und saget sie nicht, Der bleibt fürwahr ein erbürmlicher Wicht. Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch!

Stosst an! kühne That lebe! hurrah hoch! Wer die Folgen ängstlich zuvor crwägt, Der beugt sich, wo die Gewalt sich regt. Frei ist der Bursch, frei ist der Bursch!

THE HORN THAT ONCE THROUGH NASSAU'S HALLS.

BY H. C. A., '54.



^{*} The German equivalent for "pole."

I.

The horn that once through Nassau's halls
The soul of tumult shed,
Is now as mute in Nassau's brawls,
As if that soul were dead.
So sleeps the lake, when sinks the breeze,
And breakers lap the shore;
And hearts that once beat high for sprees,
Now feel that pulse no more.

II.

No more upon the threatened fight
The horn of Nassau swells,
And in the startled air of night
Its tale of battle tells.
For Nassau now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some secret frolic breaks,
To show that still she lives.

* SONG.

BY E. HOLDEN, '59.

AIR-" Ellen Bayne."

Glad be our chorus
Happy are we;
As the birds o'er us,
Joyous and free.
Why are we dreaming?
Why are we sad?
Flowers on our pathway
Bid us be glad.

Chorus—Ring! oh, ring the joyous notes,
Far away the music floats,
Echo from its hundred throats
Swelling the strain!

Angels above us,
Guarding our day;
Warm friends that love us
Passing away.
Tell not of sorrow
Thus early born,
Know not to-morrow
Till it is gone.

Chorus-Ring! oh, &c.

Oft shall our meeting,
Pleasure impart,
Till our last greeting
Saddens the heart;
Then, without chiding,
Welcome the pain—
Hope tells of loving hearts
Meeting again.

Chorus-Ring! oh, &c.

SONG.

BY E. H., '59.

AIR-" Make me no gaudy chaplet."

Give me no old gray "sheepskin,"
Won by such toil and sorrow;
My pledge for immortality,
My passport for to-morrow.

Bring me no imitation,
No parchment scribbled poorly;
I hate such base deception,
Oh, do the signing surely!

Bring me no cheap old cover,
That I shall have to show—
No sheet of varnished paper,
To tell how much I know.

Give me a snowy parelment,
All clear and free from stain,
To prove that I've no longing
To enter "Fresh" again.

Give me my dear old "sheepskin,"
That four long years have earned;
Although I can not read it yet,
It shows how much I've learned.

THE STUDENTS' GLEE.

BY GEORGE W. KETCHAM, '59.

AIR-" It's a way we have at Old Nassau."

We think it passing fine, sir, To while away the time, sir, Indulging in a rhyme, sir, To drive dull care away.

Chorus—To drive dull care away,
To drive dull care away.
It's a way we have at Old Nassau,
It's a way we have at Old Nassau,
It's a way we have at Old Nassau,
To drive dull care away.

And when our work is done, sir, And we are full of fun, sir, We like it well to pun, sir, To drive dull care away.

Chorus—To drive, &c.

If stale should be our "cutes," sir, And we be not astute, sir, We'll lay them on the "Tutes," sir. To drive dull care away.

Chorus-To drive, &c.

If at the campus gate, sir, We can not congregate, sir, We'll not grieve o'er our fate, sir, But drive dull care away.

Chorus—But drive, &c.

If in our rooms a crowd, sir, With purpose full avowed, sir, Should come and chatter loud, sir, We'll drive dull care away

Chorus-We'll drive, &c.

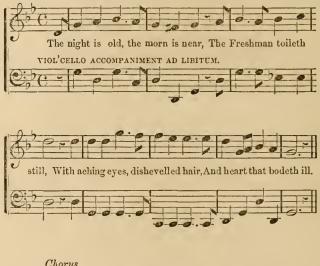
And when we shall withdraw, sir, From reign of college law, sir, We'll shout for Old Nassau, sir, To drive dull care away.

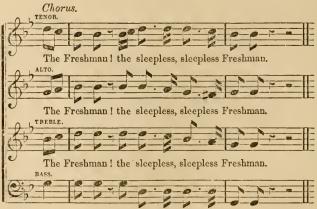
Chorus—To drive, &c.

THE HAUNTED FRESHMAN.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

WORDS BY C. R. C., '53. MUSIC BY R. G. HINSDALE, '56. Solo Moderato.





Ι.

The night is old, the morn is near,
The Freshman toileth still,
With aching eyes, dishevelled hair,
And heart that bodeth ill.

Chorus—The Freshman! The sleepless—sleepless—Freshman!

TT.

But wherefore does the Freshman toil, And why this grief and pain?— Alas, a 'wildering fantasy Distracts his aching brain.

Chorus—The Freshman! The haunted—haunted—Freshman!

III.

Before each character and point,
Each syllable and line,
He sees—O 'wildering force of love!
A form, a face divine.

Chorus—The Freshman! The smitten—smitten—Freshman!

IV.

But lo, he starts! a stern resolve
Is lighting all his brow;
"I will—I will forget her—I—
I am a Freshman now."

Chorus—The Freshman! The desperate—desperate—Freshman!

V.

The echoes of his barracks-room,

Took down the vow, per letter,
And then—O Senior strength of mind!

The Freshman did forget her.

Chorus—The Freshman! The resolute—resolute—Freshman!

THE VOW OF THE SOPHOMORE.

WORDS BY C. R. C., '53. MUSIC BY J. McDOUGALL, Jr., '54.



He was a sturdy Sophomore
That vowed by all his Greek
("A little thing to promise by"
I hear the caviller speak),

Chorus—The Sophomore! The Soph—the Soph—

That if another quarter, he
Should live to see the sun,
No man might have to say, his grade
Was only fifty-one.

Chorus—The Sophomore, &c.

He rushed with fury at his task,
He polled on every line;
At day, the sun shone on his toil,
At night, the lamp did shine.

Chorus—The Sophomore, &c.

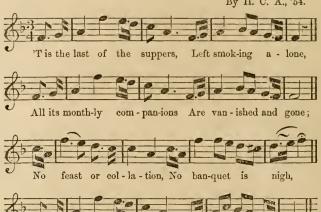
He worked, as seldom man did work,
His form was sad to view;
And then—bright pinnacle of hope!—
His grade was fifty-two.

Chorus—The Sophomore, &c.

'TIS THE LAST OF THE SUPPERS.

By H. C. A., '54.

show pie for



o-dors, Or

I'll not leave thee forsaken, Still savory board, Since thy comrades are taken, Be thine their reward! Thus kindly I mingle Thine oysters and clams,

To re - flect back its

And consign to one burial Ice, pastry, and jams.

So soon may I follow, When pleasures decay, And from life's fairest viands The fruits drop away. When fond hearts are shattered, And loved ones are flown, O who would inhabit This bleak world alone?

ALMA MATER.

BY H. P. PECK, '62.

TUNE-"The Old Arm Chair."

We love her, we love her, and joyfully raise
To our old Alma Mater a tribute of praise,
As we view the bright halo which circles her brow,
That time-honored wreath from sweet Liberty's bough!
Long life to those beauties no tyrant could mar,
'Mid the din and the smoke and the carnage of war!
And long may her banner wave over the sod
Where her own cherished sons so triumphantly trod!

We love her, we love her, and proudly proclaim That the torch-light of Freedom illumines her name! And the sheen of those letters shall freely impart The love and the pride of the patriot's heart! If the minion of Tyranny ever invades The peaceful seclusion of these hallowed shades, We will rally around her, and shout as we go, The watchword of "Nassau!" and death to the foe!

We love her, we love her, and who will deride A laudable love or a patriot's pride? For priceless the treasures she gives us in trust, Where the forms of our forefathers faded to dust! And countless the tears that have hallowed the sod. Whence the souls of those fathers ascended to God! O bright are these blessings with glory divine, As they bloom in their beauty on Liberty's shrine!

We love her, we love her, and ne'er would forget
Those records that linger in memory yet:
While Freedom remains may it ne'er be forgot
That her altar was founded on this cherished spot!
Though her dust shall be mingled with those gone before,
May her name ever live as in beauty of yore;
And perish the power that would ever deform
A tithe of that glory which mantles her form!

"DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS."

BY EDGAR HOLDEN, '59.

AIR-"Off for Baltimore."

There comes but once a youth to all,
And briefly bloom life's summer flowers;
So too but once the spirits call,
So fly but once our golden hours.

Then know the present by the past,
Enjoy it and the good it brings;
Dream not of joys that always last,
Nor heed the song the future sings.

The merry hours that we have known,
The songs Old Nassau's walls repeat,
Will come sometime with softer tone—
Will seem sometime more strangely sweet.

But let the future pleasant seem, Or cold or dark its shadows be— We live—let's *live*, nor idly dream That we can ever be more free.



TO OUTSIDERS.

BY EDGAR HOLDEN, '59.

AIR-" Wait for the Wagon."

You say we're selfish, vain, and proud,
And very boastful, too;
But hark ye, be not quite so fast,
For stranger—So are you.

Chorus—Oh, keep your own opinion, Keep your own opinion, Keep your own opinion, Until we ask of you.

And then perhaps you say we're wild,
Or love a spree or so,
But tell us, will you, if you please,
Just tell us how you know.
Chorus—Oh keep, &c.

You say it is a dangerous home,
And all by far too free;
But see yourself, and own it then,
You're ten times worse than we.
Chorus—Oh keep, &c.

You talk about the much we lose,
The little good retain,
But you forget that "nothing risk"
Is always "nothing gain."
Chorus—Then keep, &c.

THE LOG COLLEGE.

BY J. ALFRED PEARCE, Jr., '60.

AIR-"God Save our President."

When revolution shook the land,
And patriots shed their blood,
When foreign foes, at kings' command,
Poured in their swelling flood:
Then Freedom was the glorious boon
For which our fathers fought,
And burning sun and frozen moon
Beheld the deeds they wrought.

But while they learned the arts of war,
And ruin swept their fields,
When Liberty was yet afar,
And nature almost yields,
They ne'er forgot the gentle arts
That rule a peaceful state,
Despair ne'er entered in their hearts,
They never bent to Fate.

Thus while in martial strains they sung Old Nassau's logs were felled, And from the deep-laid basis, sprung A structure still upheld; For patriots laid the corner-stone And watched its struggling life; Our country made it all her own, And fostered it in strife.

Though now long years have wearied on,

Those early rough log walls
Have stood, and hardened into stone
Like rock that never falls.
Throughout the land her proud sons roam—
Her glory and her pride;
Though North, though South may be their home,
Here stand they side by side.

'Tis here we find our truest friends,
And here our brightest joys,
We learn that every union ends,
And every pleasure cloys;
We learn to love these "hallowed shades"
With all our heart and soul,
To strive for that which never fades,
And honor "Nassau's roll."

Each well-remembered spot shall teem
With young life's busy thought,
And every clod to me will seem
With sweet enchantment fraught.

While ever poet's heart can sing
Thy sounding praise shall last,
And golden recollections cling
Around the voiceless past.

Long may thy fame and beauty shine!
Thy sons still firm and true;
May fadeless wreaths around thee twine
Of glory's brightest hue;
And memory with "lava tide,"
In future shall recur
To thy time-honored walls, where hide
Remembrances most dear.

THE FEAST OF REASON.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL CLARKE, '53.

Here's a goblet of crystal beaming,
A draught from the mountain spring,
And its scintillant light is gleaming,
Like down on an angel's wing.
Let us quaff from the brimming measure,
For, fresh in its grateful deeps,
We shall find that reviving pleasure,
The pearl of a Ptolemy sleeps.

Pass it around!

Here's a relic of martial glory,
A song of an elder day,
It will breathe us a glorious story,
Though simple and brief the lay.
It will tell of the bold Crusader
Who went to the Holy Land;
It will follow a blest invader,
And fight with a sacred band.
Pass it around!

Here's a tale of the good times olden,
Of knight and of ladie fair;
How he wooed her in moments golden,
And won her with precious care;
How he sought in the front of battle
The laurels that victors win,
Where the lance and the broadsword rattle,
And the ranks of the brave grow thin.
Pass it around!

Here's a smile for the joyful Present,
A smile for the glad To-day,
Since the moments thus sweetly pleasant,
Are flowers on a thorny way;
And the hours that we pass together
With friends that are warm and true,
Like the cloudlets of wintry weather,
Are nearer to heaven though few.
Pass it around!

Here's a sigh for the broken-hearted,
The comfortless child of grief,
He who mourns over joys departed,
And gathers no fond relief.
For when sorrow has made us tearful,
A sigh is a grateful thing,
As even a taper is cheerful,
When darkness has opened her wing
Pass it around!

Here's adieu till we meet to-morrow;
Good night to each parting friend;
May the dreams of the dark watch borrow
The hues that in lovelight blend.
May the star that invites the morning,
Bring peace on its gentle wings;
Each brow have its crown of adorning,
That light which Religion flings.
Pass it around!

HOME SONG.

BY EDGAR HOLDEN, '59.

AIR-" Bonnie Eloise,"

Though the flowers bloom as sweet on the mountain's grassy side,

And as fair be the valleys of green: With musical softness, the rivers gently glide

Their soft mossy borders between.

Chorus—Yet sweeter, dearer—yes, dearer far than all, Will memory's melody come, And sing to the heart in their low plaintive tones.

The love of our home, sweet home.

Though bright be the sky, in its melting depth of blue, On Italy's garden of flowers,

And richer in beauty the landscape to view; There's not the same charm as in ours.

Chorus—For sweeter, &c.

Oh! long shall the thoughts linger round the hallowed

Where the lost of home's circle are laid, And never! oh, never! will the tears be forgot That fell on the face of the dead.

Chorus—And sweeter, &c.

Though we wander 'mid groves of the citron and the palm, Or plough through the white ocean foam, Where'er we may be in the evening's holy calm,

We will think of our home, sweet home.

Chorus—For sweeter, &c.

SERENADE SONG.

BY EDGAR HOLDEN, '59.

AIR—" Araby's Daughter."

Oh! sweet now is smiling the blue sky of even,
And soft are the breezes that sweep from the shore—
The dew drops are kissed by the star-light of heaven,
And low wave the trees in their melody o'er.

Oh! wake, lady, wake, for the thick mist is falling, And slow sinks the moon to its rest in the sea, And I hear gentle voices far, far away calling— Oh! wake, lady, wake, they are calling for thee.

They are daughters of mist, that live in the ocean,
That play when the evening is quiet as now—
That dance to the tune of the waves' rippled motion,
And sing their wild melodies sweetly and low.

They call thee, fair lady, to rouse from thy slumber,
And look on the splendor that fills with delight—
The pale silver moon and the stars without number—
To worship with them the beauty of night.

And listen, we pray, to the song that we sing thee,
As soothingly round us the cool zephyrs play—
Sincere to the heart is the tribute we bring thee,
And true is the homage that gladly we pay.

As bright as the stars that are shining above us,
May thy visions of life all smilingly seem—
Thy friends be as true as the angels that love us,
Thy path full of light as a midsummer dream.

May joys be as lasting, as varied their treasure,
And few be the sorrows to darken thy day;
And when other years shall have softened thy pleasures,
Oh! think of us lady though far, far away!

THE COLLEGE BELL.

BY H. P. PECK, '62.

AIR-"Oft in the stilly Night."

Oft when the rosy morn,
The crown of day is bringing,
This thought to all is born—

"The College Bell is ringing!"

Then each must start, With trembling heart,

From dreams so rudely broken,

And haste away Without delay,

And scarce a word is spoken!

Chorus—Thus when the rosy morn, &c.

And happy 'tis to hear,

When precious thoughts are springing, Those words so fraught with cheer—

"The College Bell is ringing!"

For then we must Create a dust,

Like stone beneath a chisel, Or, what's the same,

Except in name,

Prepare to "stump" or "fizzle!"

Chorus—Thus happy 'tis to hear, &c.

How fine in wintry weather, When cold is very stinging, Beneath your blankets warm,

To know the Bell is ringing!

And then to feel That no appeal

Can give you consolation-

But you must rise,

And sacrifice

Position for a station.

Chorus—'Tis fine in wintry weather, &c.

When friends elate with cheer
Have gathered round for singing,
What melody to hear—
"The College Bell is ringing!"
But if a tongue
We had as long
As this old Bell's in keeping—
We might prolong
This glorious song,
But close because of weeping!

Chorus—For ah! my friends in cheer,
Who've gathered round for singing,
Another tune I hear—
"The College Bell is ringing!"

HYMN BEFORE THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL CLARKE, '53.

AIR-" Zephyr."

The world hath power to dull the ear,
And bid the warm affections roam;
But can the dear names grow less dear
Of Christmas, New Year's Day, and Home?

Blessed be God! the favored star
That pointed to the Saviour's bed,
Prefigured with its shining car
The westward path his Gospel sped.

Auspicious time! the New Year's Day Should follow close on Christmas mirth, For old things fell and passed away, And all was new at Jesus' birth. 'Tis well that Christmas thoughts be twined With thoughts of Home in every breast, For Christ was born that we might find A heavenly Home of endless rest.

Few days and nights their tale shall tell, Ere once again our hands shall meet. O, little sad is the Farewell To what our lips may yet repeat!

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY.

BY A GRADUATE.

AR-" The University of Gottingen."

When others, once as poor as I,
Are growing rich, because they try,
While my capacity and will
Give me a taste for sitting still;
When all around me are at work,
While I prefer to act the Turk,
Or spend in drinking or at play
The greater part of every day;
And, as the upshot of it, feel
That I must either starve or steal;
The only remedy I see,
For such abuses, is the reConstruction of society,
Construction of society.

When others know what I know not, Or bear in mind what I forgot An age ago, and dare to speak In praise of Latin and of Greek, As if a tongue unknown to me Of any earthly use could be;

When bookworms are allowed to rule
In University and School,
While I, because I am a fool,
Or, happen, by the merest chance,
To have learned nothing save to dance,
Am set aside, or thrust away,
Or not allowed to have my say,
The only remedy I see
For such abuses, is the reConstruction of society,
Construction of society.

When judges frown and parsons seold, Because a gentleman makes bold To laugh at superstitious saws, And violate oppressive laws; When pinehing want will not atone For taking what is not your own; When public sentiment proscribes The taking of judicial bribes, And with indignant seorn regards The gentleman who cheats at eards; When men of wit no longer dare To tell a lie, or even swear; The only remedy I see For such abuses, is the re-Construction of society, Construction of society.

When, after turning round and round, And oeeupying every ground:
As preacher, poet, rhetorieian, Philanthropist and politician, Ascetie, saint, and devotee, Neologist and pharisee, I seek in vain to gain respect By founding a new-fangled seet, And find the world so eautious grown That I must be the seet alone;

The only remedy I see
For such abuses, is the reConstruction of society,
Construction of society.

When, over and above the scorn Of men, which leaves me thus forlorn, I find an enemy within Who dares to talk to me of sin, And whispers, even in my dreams, That my disorganizing schemes Can never conjure black to white, Or clearly prove that wrong is right, A nuisance that can never cease Till conscience learns to hold its peace, And men no longer can be awed By apprehensions of a God— Ah! these are griefs for which I see No solace even in the re-Construction of society, Construction of society.

FLORENCE VANE.

BY PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, '34.

Ι.

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane!
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew, in my fond vision,
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes, and thy derision,
Florence Vane.

II.

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou did'st hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot—the hues Elysian
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

III.

Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main.
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

IV.

But, fairest, coldest, wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain—
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane.

V.

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

THE JOLLY FELLOW.

WORDS BY POUGHKEEPSIE.

MUSIC BY CARL LANGLOTZ.





Ι.

There was a jolly fellow, who lived about the town, He disapproved of toddy, and so—he put it down; He attended public dinners for fun and freedom's sake, And, like a second Polycarp, went smiling to the steak.

II.

His vests were irreproachable, his trousers of the kind Adown whose steep declivities hound rushes after hind; They were a speaking pattern, all the tailors would agree, But, O, alas! they were too *tight* to speak coherently.

III.

Up half a dozen pair of stairs our hero went to bed, With nothing but the angels and the rafters o'er his head; And so, although he loved to be where brandy vapor curled, There never was a man who lived so much above the world.

IV.

No boards of all the roof were known a meeting e'er to hold.

And so the room was nothing but a trap for catching cold; There was a door—the carpenter had left the lock behind;

It must have slipt him, as he had no "Locke upon the Mind."

abla.

Well plastered were the rooms below, though that's another story,
But now our hero's fate was sealed and not his dormitory;

When midnight played upon his bones, airs far from operatic,

What wonder that an attic room should make a man roomattic.

VI.

No dome was there, no window stained with Peter and the keys,

But every winter brought a vast redundancy of freeze; Each empty sash groaned dolefully, as if it felt the pain, By some unearthly grammarye a-coming back again.

VII.

Our hero's uncle used to dye, to keep himself alive, His shop was down in Nassau street, at No. 45; But when, as every *dier* must, he found his colors fail, Before he kicked the bucket, he turned a *little pale*.

VIII.

He called his nephew to his side, and with a mournful mien,

Said, "I feel blue to leave you, you must'nt think it green;

I've not gained much by dying, but I lcave you all my pelf,

It may assist you, if you ever want to dye yourself."

IX.

His spirit fled and left the youth to woe and Byron collars, As dolorous as any man who can not count his dollars; But, "Oh!" said he, "let others dye, the're fools enough I trow,

But though the colors may be fast, the trade is very slow.

X.

"I'll cut the man who cuts my hair, and then the thing is plain,

That I shall be, beyond a doubt, a lion in the mane; I'll buy myself a team of bays as early as I can, For I've often heard my uncle say that life is but a span."

XI.

And many, who had been his uncle's customers of yore, Thought perchance the youth was not behind what he had been before;

Daily stopped his gay barouche, to promise patronage enough,

And thought their fancy fabricated, when he muttered "stuff!"

XII.

His dandy friends grew fewer, and, alas! he found between

Their leaving and their falling off, no summer intervene;

His heart was broken, and at last this fanciest of blades, Who used to flare in scarlet vests, preferred the *darker* shades.

XIII.

One morning from a frowning cliff he jumped into the sea,

Crying, "Oh! thou mighty dying vat, behold I come to thee;"

You think him green, and as to that I really cannot tell, But if he is, it is the kind they call invisible.

XIV.

But, oh! how vain to try to change the color of his days, For he could not conceal himself behind his screen of bays;

No yarn, of all that he might spin, could hide his uncle's line,

For that worthy was not one of those who dye and give no sign.

THE LOST FROM HOME.

BY E. HOLDEN, '59.

AIR-"Bonnie Eloise."

Oh, dear is the spot where memory oft will roam
By the vale or the blue rolling sea,
Where the lips were first turned to the accents of home
By the side of a dear mother's knee.

Chorus—But sweeter, dearer—yes, dearer far, than all,
The music that sadly plays
O'er the flower-strewn grave 'neath the cypres
trees,
For the loved of other days.

Oh, bright were the hours, when the spirit, free from care, Looked away through the clear summer sky, And wild were the joys that we saw in waiting there, With the dear rippling river so nigh.

Chorus—But sweeter, &c.

Yet now far away from the scenes of early love,
From the spot where the heart is enshrined,
We're afloat on a sea where forever we must rove
And leave all the loved ones behind.

Chorus—And sweeter, &c.

Oh, I see in my dreams my dear old cottage home, And I hear the soft whispering breeze;

Lo! the voices of angels do mournfully come From the grave 'neath the tall cypress trees.

Chorus—And sweeter, &c.

Πάντα τἄγαθα πόνω.

WORDS BY H. P. PECK, '62. ARR. BY L. W. MUDGE, '62.





Should our every achievement be marked with success. And prosperity gladden our days,

We will boldly press forward, and strive none the less To merit America's praise.

Yet glory more lasting than this we would seek, And pleasures more noble and true;

We will strive for a record that ever shall speak The honor of brave '62.

Chorus-We will, &c.

folds are un-furled, Of

A wreath of rejoicing, a diadem pure,
By the labors of life may we gain;
In old age, may the joys of our youth be secure,
And our bondage in Friendship's bright chain!
May the sun of our hope in its splendor go down,
And our faith through the darkness be true,
Till a glorious dawn shall embellish the erown
Of immortal and brave '62.

Chorus-We will, &c.

THE SENIOR'S SOLILOQUY

ON THE RECEPTION OF HIS FINAL GRADE.

AIR-"Cocachelunk."

Tell me not, ye ghastly numbers,
All my hopes were but a dream;
That our lives are broken slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Chorus—Cocaehelunk, ehelunk ehelay, Cocaehelunk, ehelunk, ehela, Cocaehelunk, chelunk, chelaly, Hi! O, ehieachelunk, ehela!

Life is real, life is earnest,
And a grade is not its goal;
There are golden prizes yonder,
Nobler to the lofty soul.

Chorus-Cocachelunk, &e.

Now, farewell to all professors!
Farewell now to tutors, too!
I have found a road to knowledge
These proud scholars never knew.

Chorus-Cocaehelunk, &c.

Here's adieu to Doctor Whately,
Mathematics, Latin, Greek;
Henceforth I have men to deal with
Who their native language speak.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

I'll not search for precious ingots
On the California plain,
Nor with law-books or with physic
Stir the cobwebs from my brain.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

I will be a politician,

Mingle much with small and great.

And (if fortune be propitious),

One day represent my State.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

I'm in hopes that some convention
Will give audience to my plea;
For to men of every station
They have bent the suppliant knee.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

It's not talents that are wanted,
It's not e'en a blazoned name;
On the slenderest foundations
Statesinen now may rear their fame
Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

All I want is gold and silver,
And a plausible address;
This with shrewdness will suffice—and
Now and then a bland caress.

Chorus—Cocachelunk, &c.

Tell me not, ye faithless numbers,
All my hopes were but a dream;
He is lost who faints or slumbers,
But things are just what they seem.

Chorus-Cocachelunk, &c.

Εἰς τὴν νέαν Θεανώ.

INTRODUCED BY LUKE OECONOMOS, '40.

ARRANGED BY J. TOWNLEY, JR, '58.





"Όταν σε πρωτοεῖδα, Θεανώ!
'Έγέμισα ἐλπίδα, Θεανώ!
Καί με εἶπες σ'ἀγαπῶ,
Καὶ πεθαίνω καὶ τρελλαίνω.
"Αν μίαν ὥραν δὲν σ'ιδῶ,
'Ἀκριδή μου Θεανώ!

Τὸ ῥοδινόν σου χείλι, Θεανώ!
'Σ τὸν ἄδην θά με σ-είλη, Θεανώ!
Καὶ ἡ ἀηδονολαλιά σου
Θά μ'ἀνάψη καὶ θά κάψη
Τὴν ἀθλίαν μου καρδίαν,
'ἀκριβή μου Θεανώ!

Σ' ἐφίλησα 'στὸ στόμα, Θεανώ! Καὶ καίομαι ἀκόμα, Θεανώ! Καὶ μ'ἐφίλησες καὶ σύ, Καί με εἶπες καί σε εἶπα Ν' αποθάνωμεν μαζῆ ''Ακριθή μου Θεανώ!

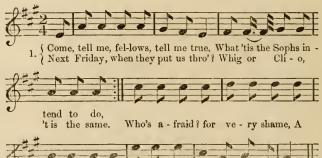
WHO'S AFRAID?

OR,

GOING INTO THE HALL.

BY A GRADUATE.

ARRANGED BY CARL LANGLOTZ.*



coward might confirm the flame.

.

Come, tell me fellows, tell me true,
What 'tis the Sophs intend to do,
Next Friday, when they put us through?
Whig or Clio. 'tis the same;
Who's afraid? for very shame
A' coward might confront the flame.

II.

Strange sounds proceed from classic hall; Yon Doric prostyle doth appall; O that some scout would tell me all!

Purpose shakes—I'll be a Whig—
Who's afraid? 'Tis infra dig.,
For Freshmen not to brag it big.

^{*} Tutor of German in the College.

III.

Jenkins looked very gaunt next day,
Yet still he hath survived—so may
Your humble servant with fair play.
Heads or tails—I'll CLIO be—
Who's afraid? To turn and flee
Would spot one's name—but let us see.

IV.

Initiation is no jest;
They say one must be half undrest,
And every sin must be confest.
That stolen pie! it doth me pose;
Who's afraid—with double hose,
And quires of paper? So, here goes!

V.

Yet say, if I may be so bold,
Are Freshmen o'er the furnace rolled?
Hot iron always makes me cold.
Say I'm pluck? You do me proud.
Who's afraid? In such a crowd
A coward surely can't be cowed.

VI.

I tremble? Yes—the air is raw—But not with fear; yet Gubbins—pshaw! What means that carrying in of straw? Can it be to feed the flame? Who's afraid? 'Tis all the same—This is certain—Fresh dies game!

SENIOR'S GRADUATION SONG.

BY WM. C. CATTELL, '48.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN. ARR. BY J. McDOUGALL, Jr., '54. Cantabile.



Ι.

Jam sodales, dum cantamus Cantilenam, gaudeamus; Dies adstat spei plena, Digna verè Cantilenâ; Finis gratus nunc laborum, Nunc vestibulum honorum!

II.

Res futuræ sunt jucundæ, Splendet nobis fulgor mundi; Nunquam Argonautas magis Stimulabat aurea pellis; Ad cælum tendentes manus, Vela ventis læti damus!

III.

Alma Mater honorata, Nos amans, nobis amata, Te salvere nos jubemus! Nomen tuum nos fovemus! In secundis rebus firma, Sis honore sempiterna!

IV.

Jam sodales dum cantamus, Corde inter nos amamus; Igitur nunc est dolendum, Vale mœstum est dicendum Et mœrentes et gaudentes, Nos cantamus discedentes.

SONG.

BY CHARLES RUSSELL CLARKE, '53.

AIR-" Auld Lang Syne."

Fill up a bowl of sparkling wine!—
The child of mirth would say,—
The glorious nectar of the vine
Should feast the parting day!
But we will pour a nobler draught
In this, the final hour;
And bid the cup of song be quaffed,
And music wake its power.

In numbers sad, yet brave and free,
We drown the parting word,
That can but echo gloomily,
And chill the soul when heard;
And with them pledge a measure deep,
That ever on life's way,
A treasure next the heart, we'll keep
The memory of to-day.

To-day—and all the hours we've spent
Within this dear old hall—
Hours full of gladness as they went,
And gladdening to recall—
Recall, when all the plain of life
Seems unadorned and drear,
And clouds of cold distrust and strife
Are heavily hovering near.

But fill the urn of song again!
We'll pledge another vow:
That ever in the world of mcn
We'll keep our love as now:
That for our comrades' sake in youth,
Our age shall know no wrong:
That on the side of God and truth
Our arms shall e'er be strong.

SONG.

BY EDGAR HOLDEN, '59.

AIR-" Farewell Lilly Dear."

We leave thee now in sorrow,
Our dear old college home,
And mourn the long to-morrow
That bids us ever roam.
But when the joys before us
With mocking laughter flee,
Thy memory will restore us,
For we will think of thee.

Chorus—Light in the future, thy memory 'll seem,
Though soon thou wilt vanish,
Dear summer's dream.

The hours and scenes of gladness
That we have cherished here
Can never breathe of sadness,
For friendships make them dear.
And often 'mid life's chiding—
In joy or grief and pain,
To love in ours confiding,
We'll live them o'er again.

Chorus-Light in, &c.

Warm smiles perhaps will greet us,
And lovely lips beguile,
Far different friends may meet us
Than those we leave awhile.
But dear will seem the ringing
Of tones familiar now,
When age shall find us singing
The tunes of long ago.

Chorus—Light in, &c.

SONG.

BY J. ALFRED PEARCE, '60.

AIR-" Araby's Daughter."

Farewell! but when you too shall stand on the shore, That till won, the bright hues of a Paradise wore, Then think of the friends who once stood there like you, In mixed sorrow and joy, with the future in view; Their hopes may be blasted—their future be dark—The wild waves of life's ocean may shatter their bark. But the charms of young friendship shall never wane old, The pure flame of affection can never grow cold.

And when on that day you shall leap from the strand, Where hundreds have stood, and where hundreds shall stand.

With youth at the helm, and delight at the prow, May winds ruffle gently where tempests toss now; If mirth be the order, should sports rule the hour, Or dark sorrow should revel in wildest of power; Our souls shall be borne o'er the wide gulf of years, To share in your joys, your hopes and your fears.

Farewell; but when years, chasing years roll away, And morn's rosy beam faintly fades to eve's ray, Though Fate shall have written life's fair virgin page—Though youth shall be lost in the coming of age; Yet Time's eruel hand in its grasp shall not sweep The record that memory sacred would keep; But a prayer for old Nassau each day shall ascend, Till the voice of our prayers in life's closing shall end.

ALMA MATER.

WORDS BY EDWARD SPENCER, '55.

ARRANGED BY JAS. W. ALEXANDER, JR., '60.



Chorus—Mother of our fair spring-time,
Patron of our golden prime,
Foster-parent, elevator,
Salve_et vale, Alma Mater.

 Alma Mater, loved and dear, Guardian e'er in gentle care, Of youth's tender bud and blossom, Goddess of our microcosm. One salutes thee, Wisdom's bride! One salutes thee, Learning's pride! Kneeling at thy shrine, a palmer, Each salutes thee, Mater Alma!

We have danced upon thy soil, Feasted on thy wine and oil; Still hover us thy garments under, Ere we rend the bond asunder.

Purple robéd, crowned with flowers, Seated on these thrones of ours; Oh, what nectar we have drunken, In what golden dreams been sunken!

We have touched at every shore, Sipping choicest sweets of lore— Sweets thou mak'st for palate fitter By thine intermingled bitter.

Now we mareh to sterner life, By thee armed to meet the strife, May the battle but be fought as Thy precepts the plan have taught us.

Ere we start we pause awhile, Still to feel thy warming smile, Hover us thy garments under, Ere we rend the tie asunder.

Mother of our young spring time, Be protector of our prime, And our age's conservator, Faithful, loving Alma Mater!

SONG.*

SUNG BY THE SENIORS.

Tune-" Auld Lang Syne."

Ι.

Adieu, adieu, the parting scene
Now weaves its wizard spell,
And friends have met on College Green
To chant their last farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, though sweet the sound,
Harmonious to the car,
It throws its garb of sorrow round
The friends that meet us here.

II.

Friends, we must part, perhaps for aye,
This, this we may not tell;
But let us check the rising sigh,
And boldly say, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, &c.

III.

'Tis solemn—yea, a mournful hour,
When memory weaves her spell,
When thoughts do o'er the spirit pour,
That sadden our farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, &c.

TV.

The thoughts unbidden now do rise
From out hoar memory's cell;
With clasped hands, and tearful eyes,
We bid you all, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, &c.

^{*} This song and the following response were sung in the College Campus, on the occasion of the graduation of the class of 1838.

V.

Yes, farewell one, and farewell all, With grief our bosoms swell; We meet no more in Nassau Hall Then one and all, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, &c.

VI.

And may your paths in life be bright, No disappointments fell E'er cloud around those paths of light Collegiate friends, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, &c.

VII.

And when life's fitful dream is o'er And tolls our passing bell, O! may we reach that happy shore Where friends ne'er say, farewell.

Chorus—Farewell, farewell, &e.

RESPONSE.

SUNG BY THE UNDER GRADUATES.

Tune—"Auld Lang Syne."

Farewell, farewell, the tear is bright, And trembling in the eye, And each successive moment brings The hour of parting nigh.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, one and all,
May genius guide your way,
While round her votive altar here,
Our holy thoughts we pay.

And though our tears are mingling now, And feelings wound the heart, It is the love we swear around The altar as we part.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, &c.

Fond mem'ry paints her scenes in tears,
As bright they cluster now,
And wreathes the cypress dark and lone,
Upon the sorrowing brow.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, &c.

But then we part, to meet again, Upon this sacred "green," When other years shall brighten o'er The friendship we have seen.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, &c.

To say farewell, the tear will start,
And paint upon the eye
The mem'ry of forgotten scenes
Now painted in the sky.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, &c.

Farewell, farewell, we love you still, And on your future years May sorrow never breathe its name, And trace itself in tears.

Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, &c.

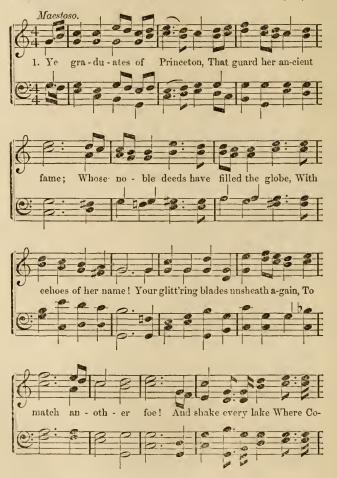
And when the "fitful dream" is past,
And friends shall close the eye,
Oh, may we meet again above,
Far in our kindred sky!

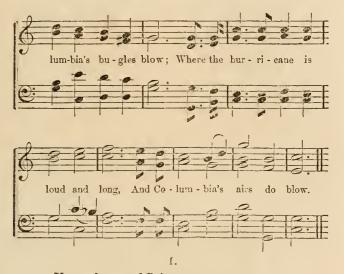
Chorus—Then farewell, brothers, &c.

ODE FOR THE ALUMNI.

WORDS BY H. C. ALEXANDER, '54.

MUSIC FROM THE GERMAN. ARR. BY J. McDOUGALL, Jr., '54.





Ye graduates of Princeton
That guard her ancient fame,
Whose noble deeds have filled the globe
With echoes of her name—
Your glittering blades unsheath again
To match another foe!
And shake every lake
Where Columbia's bugles blow;
Where the hurricane is loud and long,
And Columbia's airs do blow.

ΙI.

The spirit of your fathers
Shall start from every sod!
For the earth it was their field of fame,
And there they knelt to God!
Where Burr and mighty Davies fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As the song ye prolong,
Where the yew and cypress grow,
While the zephyrs catch and swell the strain,
And the answering bugles blow.

III.

Proud Nassau needs no guardians,
No watch-towers on the steep;
Her sons watch all their native plains,
And wander on the deep:
Encamped about her roasting walls,
They quell her ancient foes
As they roar at the door—
When the kindling blasts do blow,
When the battling flames are fierce and loud,
And the raging blasts do blow.

IV.

The vestal fires of Princeton
Shall with new luster burn,
Till conflict's troubled night depart
And the star of morn return!
Then, then ye gallant champions,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the bugles cease to blow,
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the winds have ceased to blow.

ALUMNI SONG.

BY E. HOLDEN '59.

AIR-"Araby's Daughter."

Oh! bring now the token of friendship unbroken,
And clasp the warm hands at the portals of home,
For here is the spot where our love was first spoken,
And loving, as then, to its shadows we come.

Oh many a form that was once of our number,
Now wanders afar o'er the blue rolling wave,
And many a heart lies silent in slumber,
Forsaken by all in the cold narrow grave.

Call now the voices that live in the mountain,
The echoes that whisper the dirge of the sea,
Each naiad of waterfall, river and fountain,
To tell of the loving, the brave and the free.

Oh! call to the stars that glided before them,

The beacon of honor, the goal of delight,

The pillars of cloud and the sun that streamed o'er them,

The moon that has watched through the long dreary

night.

They will tell us of those who heard our last greeting, Who sighed as they whispered the broken farewell, The loved of our band, who are not at our meeting, Whose lives 'round our hearts wove a mystical spell.

How the memories twine, as the green clinging vine,
To the proud old battlements moulded by years;
How the vanished faces now seem to combine
In the far away past, through the mist of tears.

But gather ye now the thoughts that were brightest,

The hopes that once cheered to the wild earnest strife,
The warmth of our friendship when hearts were the lightest,

The armor we took for the battle of life.

Oh! call up the smiles that beamed on life's ocean,
The gladness that panted and longed to be free,
And rouse once again the kindly emotion:
To-day drown our sadness in glad minstrelsy.

Oh! ring out the song in a wild swelling chorus,
Forget that we part to be absent for years,
Think only of joy in the future before us,
Forget there exists aught of sorrow or tears.

ALUMNI SONG.

WORDS BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAPRICES."

MUSIC BY R. G. HINSDALE, '56.



Ι.

Alma Mater—nursing mother,
We have gathered to thy side,
From the sands where time has swept us,
In the swelling of its tide.
From the cradle of thy nurture,
Chafing for the doubtful strife,
Once, we turned our eager footsteps
To the battle-field of life.

II.

With thy burning words within us,
Uttered from the hall of prayer,
Nerving honor for the onset,
Pointing reason to the snare.
With thy warning finger lifted,
As the flag of hope unfurled,
From thy calm and kind dominion,
Strode we out into the world.

III.

But through all its solemn lessons;
In temptation, doubt and fear,
In the struggle and the triumph,
In bereavement and in care;
Where the fireside groups its treasures,
Where the social hours rejoice—
Mother, we have felt thy warnings,
Mother, we have heard thy voice.

IV.

And like children grown to manhood,
When the memory of the past
Calls them back upon the threshold
Of affection's home at last;
Alma Mater—nursing mother,
We have gathered at thy feet;
Lay thy hand upon our foreheads,
Bless us, mother, as we meet.

AN ODE.

TO COMMEMORATE THE REPULSE OF CORNWALLIS.

WORDS AND AIR BY H. C. A., '54. HARMONIZED BY R. G. H., '56.





Like a stream of blood and gold,
See! their dazzling squadrons shine—
While the sign of battle flies
On our unprotected line;
It was early in the morn by the chime,
As they thundered on their path;
There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the pride of Nassau flushed
At the sanguinary scene,
And her boys and maidens rushed
To the sheltered College Green;
"Fire now!" our captain cried, and our gun
From its adamantine throat
Scattered many a crimson coat,
Each dancing like a mote
In the sun.

Again, again, again!
And our thunder did not slack,
Till a feebler cheer the plain
To our cheering gave us back:

Their shots along the ground slowly boom,
Then ceased—for see they quail!
At the sturdy iron hail,
And in consternation pale
Wait their doom.

Out spoke the victors then,
As they hailed them o'cr the Green,
"We are brothers, we are men,
Though an ocean rolls between;
Be it peace instead of death and alarms!
But yield, proud foe, thy claim
To exact submission tame,
And celebrate the fame
Of our arms!"

Now joy old Nassau raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
Where the festal torches blaze
To commemorate the fight—
And yet amidst the joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
On the land and on the deep,
And the bays of honor reap
Evermore.

Brave hearts, to Nassau's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
In a patriot cause that died,
Where the alien trumpets blew—
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave,
While the wondrous story rolls,
And the minstrel's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.

HYMN.

Sung at the Centennial Celebration of Nassau Hall, Tuesday, January 29th, 1847, at the conclusion of the Centenary Discourse by James W. Alexander, D.D.

Tune-" Old Hundred."

Our father's God, we come to thee;
To thee our grateful voices raise;
Help us on this our jubilee
To join in humble, solemn praise.

Before the throne of heavenly grace, Ye sons of Nassau, raise your songs: The mercies of a hundred years Demand your grateful hearts and tongues.

Through all the conflicts of the way, Our fathers' God has led us on; His Providence has been our stay; In Him we lived, in Him alone.

A hundred years! a hundred years! Welcome the joyful jubilee! Great God! how rich thy love appears, How large our mighty debt to thee!

Our fathers! loved and honored name!
We love to speak their hallowed praise;
Through them what precious blessings came!
For them our hearty thanks we raise.

Our fathers' God still lives and reigns;
To Him we look, in Him rejoice;
His love our confidence sustains,
To Him we'll raise our grateful voice.

Smile, mighty God, for ever smile,
On this beloved and honored place;
Here let our sons for ever come,
And always find it wisdom's home.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

BY MATTHIAS WARD.

Tutti—Alma Mater, cherished mother,

Hark! thy sons their voices raise;

Loving kindred, friend and brother,

Meet again to hymn thy praise.

Heaven bless this happy union,
Mingling hearts estranged so long
Here once more in fond communion
Old companions join in song.

Chorus—Alma Mater, cherished mother,
Hark! thy sons their voices raise;
Loving kindred, friend and brother,
Meet again to hymn thy praise.

War has struck thy dwelling hoary— Weak the foe, and vain the fight; Thou hast won a higher glory, Gentle peace, and truth, and right.

Chorus-Alma Mater, &c.

Fire has tried its fury o'er thee,
Fierce the blaze and bright the flame;
Now the light that glows before thee,
Shines to show the world thy fame.

Chorus-Alma Mater, &c.

Lo! an hundred years departed, Since thy tender infant hour; Stronger now and stouter hearted, Time has but increased thy power.

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Thou hast reared the pride of nations—
Thine, thy country's boast abroad—
Thine, who hold its honored stations—
Thine, who teach the way to God!

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Never more as thus we'll meet thee, Leaning on thy fost'ring arm; May a century bring, to greet thee, Souls as true and hearts as warm.

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

Good and true men, gone before us, Leading to the upward way; May their spirits hov'ring o'er us, Smile on Nassau's natal day!

Chorus—Alma Mater, &c.

ODE.

BY HENRY C. ALEXANDER, '54.

Must we loose these bands of union Gently wound about us here? Can we drain this cup of sorrow—Can we check the eager tear? How do memories crowd around us, Conjured from the awful past; Hours of joy till now unheeded, Doomed, in wisdom, not to last! Now, alas! too late we learn These can never more return.

Solemn tolls the bell of parting; Here no longer may we dwell; Mournfully the winds, our fellows, Softly breathe their low farewell; And the groves our footsteps haunted, Sighing in the evening air, Murmur sadly to our spirits, Soon to wander where—oh, where? Time with restless pinion spread Nears the confines of the dead!

Searce a winged year hath left us,
Ere, like you, we looked in awe
On our elder brethren parting,
At the goal we barely saw.
And the solemn benediction,
Echoing through the standing throng,
Lent a meaning to the sadness
Floating in the parting song.
Brothers, soon you take our place,
And the hours move on apace!

Death, with gleaming dart relentless,
Speeds us to an untried sphere;
Who shall first essay its honors,
Knoweth not a mortal here.
Lay to heart the timely warning
From that sweet-toned, mournful bell,
Telling us of death and sorrow,
As it tolls—Farewell! farewell!
Yet there is a deeper knell
Tolling from death's awful bell!

Fathers! brothers!—here we leave you,
For the field of real life;
May our standards often mingle
In the battle, in the strife!
Yet we never more may linger
In these shades so many love;
Here our paths must be divergent,
But our journey ends above;
May we all with angels dwell,
Where our song has no farewell!

ODE.

BY EDWARD SPENCER, '55.

Brothers, at this parting moment,
Let some sadness thrill each heart;
Let us shed one tear in silence,
Ere we hence for aye depart.

For together we shall never
Meet again, while youth's warm glow.
With such wild yet hearty fervor,
Through our veins doth ceaseless flow.

Some of us may wander ever, Weary, worn and travel-stained, Seeking, o'er the world's Sahara, An oasis unattained.

Some of us may clutch the Present,
Making it the All of life;
Till the coming hour of trial
Find us crippled ere the strife.

Looms the Future now before us,
Fraught with many a varied sign;
Bright to some as noonday's splendor,
Sad to some as eve's decline.

Yet let us at this vital moment

Not too much to thought give way;

Let us rather ask in sternness,

"Heart! how standest thou to-day?"

We this day, triumphant victors,
Life's stern castle walls have scaled;
Let us vow to keep our conquest,
By whatever foe assailed.

We this day are seaward sailing, Argonauts on life's Propont; Jason-like, let's meet each peril Ever with a dauntless front.

Now we leap on life's arena, Athletes eager for the toil; Are we girded? are our sinews Supple with Palæstric oil?

Life is like a precious vellum,
Whereon we must ever write
Whatsoe'er our fate compel us
Of Hereafter to recite.

Let us, then, since youth's idyllic
Hath filled its bright allotted page,
Commence to-morrow with an Epic
That may our manhood's hours engage.

Let each future tell a story
Of a long unwearied strife;
Of unceasing, steadfast action,
Ending only with our life.

Brothers, to discharge such duties,
How may we ourselves prepare?
What kind parent Hand will lead us
To the How—the What—the Where?

As knights of old before the altar, Ere they put their armor on, Humbly prayed for help in battle, So let us pray ere we be gone.

Let us, near this altar bowing,
Breathe an heartfelt, humble prayer,
That the Guardian Hand be near us,
And direct us Everywhere.

With such guidance, we may safely Plant our flag on castle Keep; Weigh our life's untried Propontic, . Into the Arena leap.

Proudly pen upon the vellum, An Iliad of successful strife, Making every page an annal Of a pure and perfect life.

ODE.

BY WILLIAM C. STITT, '56.

Tune-"Erith" or "Madrid."

Here, where prayer has oft ascended,
And our voices joined in praise,
Utter we our last petition,
And our song of parting raise;
Keep us, oh! our Father, keep us!
Love us with a father's love!
And, though parted from each other,
Bring us to thy home above!

Leaving here our friends in sorrow,
Closing eyes suffused with tears,
On a day that brings a morrow
Stretching into countless years—
Years that may not know a meeting
Till we view the judgment-throne,
And in heaven we find a greeting
Where all parting is unknown.

Standing on the pebbly sea-beach,
Listening to the ocean's roar,
Let us, fearless, launch our vessel
Where proud fleets have sailed before—

Grasp the ehart that marks out danger, Watch the pole-star's steady light Pray to God for heavenly wisdom, That we guide our helm aright.

From the green graves of our Classmates, Where in death they calmly sleep, Hear a voice say, oh! our brothers! Weep ye not! we never weep! Hear the eeho to our music Floating from the azure sky, Whispering softly, come up hither, Meet us in our home on high!

Long have we enjoyed communion
As a firm, united band;
Parting now, we pray reunion
In a brighter, sunnier land.
There shall friendship never fail us,
Love a ceaseless river flow;
There temptation ne er assail us,
Nor our spirits sorrow know.

Teachers! friends and loved companions!
Parting, this our earnest prayer:
May the God of blessings bless you,
Guide you here, receive you THERE!
Flash upon your life's dark moments
Light of peace and light of love!
Greet your pure, immortal vision
With the better light above!

Listen to the solemn tolling
From the ruthless, parting bell;
This our hearts' responsive eeho,
"Alma Mater! friends! farewell!"
Now it sinks into a whisper,—
Whisper borne upon the air—
Lost!—but with undaunted footsteps
Go we forth to do and dare!

ODE.

BY JAMES S. MAYNE, '57.

Tune-" Erith" or "Madrid."

Brothers, with our hearts in union,
Let us all our voices raise,
And together hold communion
In our parting song of praise.
Often 'twas a vain oblation
Which we brought to offer here,
But this hour of separation
Claims a worship most sincere.

Bless the hand which hither guided
First our footsteps, and declare
His high praise; who since provided
For us with a father's care.
Praise him for the precious teaching
Of this venerable place—
Praise him for the gospel preaching,
And the other means of grace.

May the sparks of heavenly wisdom,
Sent forth glowing from the heart,
Kindle flames in every bosom,
Which shall light and life impart.
May the every prayer-steeped sentence,
Seed of God's eternal truth,
"Bring forth fruits meet for repentance,"
Blossoms of immortal youth.

Hark! the sound of cherished voices,"Like choice music to our ear,""Stirs the blood," the heart rejoices,This their solemn counsel hear:

Take the sacred Word's directions,
As your guide where'er you go;
'Tis from God's divine perfections,
Goodness, truth, and beauty flow.

See your glorious banner gleaming
O'er the battle-field so bright,
Victory!—its motto—beaming
Forth in characters of light.
Onward to the prize before you;
Quit yourselves like valiant youth,
Strive to win the palm of glory,
Nobly fighting for the truth.

Let a conscience well enlightened
Be the spirit to preside
O'er life's struggles, ever brightened
By her smile, whate'er betide;
Till the fight of faith is ended,
Till your hard-fought conflict cease,
And before the presence bended,
You receive the crown of peace.

While the spirit of devotion
Now inspires the swelling breast,
Stirring up heartfelt emotion,
Such as can not be expressed;
Every tender tie which binds us
To our much-loved classic dome
Is dissevered, which reminds us
That the world is not our home.

Ne'er again we take our places
In this hallowed house of prayer;
Daily see the well-known faces
We were wont to meet with here.
Though no more by dear relations
Bound to this beloved spot,
Still its sweet associations
Can not ever be forgot.

At the throne of mercy clustered
Here we part, perchance to meet
Ne'er again till all are mustered
Round the awful judgment-seat.
Sorrow on our hearts is pressing,
Gratitude our bosoms swell,
As we give our parting blessing—
Fathers, brothers, fare ye well!

ODE.

BY JAMES H. NIXON, '58,

TUNE-" Weber."*

The hour is come—that solemn hour,
Long held in far prospective view,
When to these scenes, so bright and dear,
We speak that bitter word—Adieu.
A brotherhood we here have been,
With hearts and hopes all linked together,
But this sweet union now must end,
And we depart, perhaps for ever.

Forth go we to the battle-field,
Where valiant sons before have gone,
For truth and virtue there to strive,
With all our armor girded on.
Behind us hear the echoing tread
Of generations yet to be:
Life's task, then, let us quick perform,
While hope, our guiding star, we see.

Classmates! the voice from yonder realm Still loudly rings in every ear, That called a brother from our side Up to a purer, sunnier sphere;

* In "Cantica Laudis."

Green be the sod, and fair the sky,
'Neath which his dust shall long repose;
His life a pattern be for ours,
Like his, the calm which marks their close.

Teachers! our guides in science' path,
Your counsels we no more shall hear,
Nor meet, perchance, till called to stand
Where all in judgment must appear.
Companions! too, with you we part,
But may the lamp of faith and love
Our steps illume, that we may find
Reunion in the world above.

Farewell, our Alma Mater dear,
Long may thy present glory last,
Still honored with thy children's love,
Thy future be as is thy past;
And may the blessed light of peace
Here usher in a radiant day,
Here let its noontide luster shine,
And gild thee with unclouded ray.

Adieu! kind friends, we bid you all,
While sadly flows the parting tear;
Oh, pray that we may always have
Full strength to act, full hope to cheer.
Let duty still our watchword be,
Let courage dwell in every heart,
And each, where'er the post assigned,
Fulfill the hero's nobler part.

EXPONUNTUR.

BY E. HOLDEN, '59.

Ι.

The Freshman.

Walking through the Campus, Fearing to be seen, Wonders if the students think He seems so very green; Stumbling over Livy, Blushes very coy, Wishes he were home again, Tender-hearted boy. Thinks it's very cruel, Others laughing so, Wonders if reciting well, Sure he does n't know; Rushes off in frenzy, Hastens to his room, Writes a tender letter there, Says he's coming home. Soon becomes accustomed, Often dares to speak, Learns a thing or two beside The Latin and the Greek. Makes a good translation, ${f Never}$ could before ; Finds, after all, the lesson Is n't such a bore. Walks round "à la fancy," Delighting all he can, Thinks it's very glorious To be a "College man."

Hears old "Nassau" shouted In the silent night; Would n't be a coward called. So rushes out to fight, Two pistols in his pockets, A knife his coat beneath, Around his neck a slung-shot, A dirk between his teeth; Rushes very bravely, Trembling with the cold, Knows it is a false alarm, (Wishes they were "sold;") Hiding round the corner, Thinks it's splendid fun; "Sees a tutor coming soon," Good excuse to run. Crawling under fences, Gets a lucky fall, Finds a bruise upon his cheek From a tumbling wall: Gets up in the morning, Does n't wash his face, Fearing lest the water cold, May wash away the trace. Shows it to a classmate, "In the fight conferred," Coolly asks him "what fight?" Says it is absurd. Preyed upon by "Hogies" "Sold" at every turn; Banged around by politics, He lives but not to learn.

II.

The Sophomore.

Martial is the bearing, Gentle is the tread, See how proud erect, he has His newly beavered head.

Laughing at the Freshman, Strives to take him in; Does as he was done by, Knows it is n't \sin . Seeking to be manly, Tries a little wine: Never dared to, while a Fresh, Finds it very fine. Getting into mischief, Looking after fun; Finds the year for making it Has but just begun, (Blessings on the neighbors! All so very kind, Turkeys for the knowing ones Ever glad to find. Giving up the grape vines, Never saying nay, Apples, pears, and peaches too, Fairly throw away.) Starting all the Horn-sprees, Filling up the wells, Tearing down the fences, now Tying up the bells; Fright'ning timid Newies, Rushing round o' nights, Reeling through the city streets, Getting into fights; "Going in" "Commencements," Dragging round the rakes, Clogged with weeds of erring, Foibles and mistakes. Ready for excitement,

Starting an alarm, Truly he's a wondrous thing, Much less good than harm.

III.

The Junior.

Impudence unbounded, Dignified and slow, Ask him any question "Think he does n't know?" Miraeles in science, Still lie knows them all, Has upon his tongue's end, "Rome's decline and fall." Great event occurring! "That is nothing new; Have you just found that out? Could have told it you." Tell a funny story, Find he does n't smile; Says "it is a witty thing,"-But knew it all the while, Very condescending Looks upon the town; Thinks the students ought to wear An Oxford hat and gown. Studying is so tiresome, Votes it is a bore; So gets along without it, Never could before; No morning recitation; Never goes to prayer; But look in at the chapel, Somehow he's always there. Getting up a supper, Shows around the bill, Says he means to pay it; (Knows he never will.) Thinks the class above him

Is n't very high; Knows his own is better far, But *not* the reason why.

Tells you all his hist ry, All his friends and foes, All his great adventures, Every thing he knows. Treats the Freshman foibles, With indignant seorn; Then runs around at midnight, Blowing on a horn. Goes among the ladies, Pities all he sees,— Thinks from very love of him, They 'd get upon their knees, Fears to smile too freely, Lest they should presume: So with very eareless air, Strolls around the room; Proves in truth the adage (Aneient mentors sing) "A little store of knowledge Is a very dangerous thing."

IV.

The Senior.

Finely bound in calf-skin, Double extra gilt,— Many elaims to homage On his knowledge built; (?) Feeling very dignified, Really looks sublime;— (If you've never seen him At any other time. Sleeping through a lecture, Standing to recite, Pulling out his neighbor's hair, Rushing out to fight, Standing on the corners, Lounging at the gate, Carrying off the chapel desk Walking very late.)

Talks about his speaking; Hopes no one will know The very speech was spoken, About a year ago. Criticises great men, Seeming very wise Seeks to be eccentric Forges many lies. Tells you of the "public good," Very apt to boast; Things of which he knows the least, Talks about the most. Said to be a nuisance,-Others tell him so: Glad enough to have him gone, He's glad enough to go.

THE SENIORS' GRADUATION SONG.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CLASS OF '36.

Ho students! come out!
Swarm here on this mellow old sod, where, for years,
In these hours of suspense we have cheated our tears,
With hopes, reminiscences, songs, ringing cheers;

Hasten out.

Hurrah! bring them out!
Hunt the hall, scour the rooms, let not one of them stay,
Who talks of his duties or pleasures, to-day,
When moments so precious are hastening away,
To the past?

Stand around, join your hands;
No Freshmen, no Juniors. no Sophomores now;
No feuds; who is wrong; lift the cap from the brow;
Let us be your peace-makers, here, ere we go;
Join your hands.

Perish strife! you are one.

Tho' bitter wild waters of anger may start,
And ruffle the fountains of peace in the heart,
Forgive and forget; in these hours when we part,
Oh, forgive.

For what are they worth?
These offences of impulse, mistakes, nothing more;
The hurts of hot moments, with ages before;
All life's busy turmoils and struggles in store;
Then for shame.

Join your hands; clear the brow,
'Tis the hour for our fond Alma Mater to wean
Her young brood of the year; oh! how often, in vain,
Shall we yearn for her wing of protection again,
In this nest.

Dear nest. Oh! how calm
Will it seem, when life's tempests shall gather and beat,
Cold, fierce and remorseless; and manhood must meet
The rush of the blast without help or retreat.
Oh! how calm.

And yet here, where we stand;
Aye, on this very sod, which we press, unconcerned,
How many brave breasts to the future have turned,
How many have grasped her vain promise, and burned
For the strife.

And where are they now?

Some petted by fortune, some brilliant, some great;
With their names on the roll, and their voice in the state,
Yet with gnawings unsatisfied, chafings at fate,
Evermore.

Aye! where are they now?
Some wasted, forgotten, some outcast, some gone;
Life's solemn procession sweeps endlessly on;
Are we ready to join it? Probation is done,
It is late.

Yes, too late for remorse.

Why regret that we have not improved as we might,
This lap of our mother, this shelter and light;
You, you, that are left learn her lessons aright,
While you may.

Farewell boys, farewell.

May we meet all again in our Summer of life;
In its Autumn, subdued, and instructed by strife;
In its Winter of age and repose, ere the knife

Cuts us down.

And mother, farewell:
The gusts through the halls pass away with a sigh;
Your breezes embrace as the last moments fly;
The branches above wave a silent good-bye;
So farewell.

CARMEN AMŒBÆUM.

"Donec gratus eram tibi."—HORAT., Carm. iii. 9.

(INTERLOCUTORS: A SENIOR RUSTICATED FROM NASSAU, AND ALMA MATER HERSELF.)

BY EDWARD SPENCER, '55.

SENIOR.

While no more welcome voice than mine
Waked in thy halls the classic tones of sages,
My bliss was more than if the "tuneful nine,"
Had filled my pockets with Parnassian wages.

ALMA MATER.

So long as thou didst well discharge
The duties clear prescribed by constitution,
My heart beat for thee with a glowing, large,
And prideful love, that knew no diminution.

SENIOR.

Fair "Botany Bay" is now my queen,
She rules my days, and guides me in my studies,
I'll strive to win for her the laurel green,
And leave to you fore'er your Freshmen noddies.

ALMA MATER.

All my old heart reciprocates

The love my rosy Freshman showers on me,
He'll gain for me a fame that knows no dates,
And leads "ad astra" by his pathway sunny.

SENIOR.

What if our old love we renew,
And I again to Nassau's rule submit me;
If I my place of banishment eschew,
And come to Alma's bowers once more—placetne?

ALMA MATER.

Though "Fresh" be lovelier than a star,
Thou light as cork—a boisterous Adriatic,
I'd rather have my Senior back, by far,
And hear thee still recite—no matter how erratic!

NOTE.

As this collection is to be revised and enlarged, all Graduates of Nassau Hall, who are interested in the music of their Alma Mater, are earnestly requested to send such contributions as they may think proper to

THE EDITOR.





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